In His Name.

by

Diana Agabeg Apcar.

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# IN HIS NAME.




DIANA AGABEG APCAR.

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# IN HIS NAME.

BY

DIANA AGABEG APCAR,

AUTHOR OF

"BETRAYED ARMENIA."

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# POWERFUL CHRISTENDOM HAS SAID "WHAT IS TRUTH?"

MORE than a hundred years ago, the eminent Englishman, Edmund Burke, in speaking of the Turks, designated them "these worse than savages." The stories in this book, which are true to life, and which present an unvarnished tale of actual Turkish atrocities perpetrated in 1909; as much of them as can be permitted to appear in print (for there are, as is well-known, actual tales of Turkish atrocities that can never be permitted in a public print) will enable the reader to judge if the condemnation pronounced on the Turks more than a hundred years ago, stands good to-day.

The Armenian Massacres of 1909, unsurpassed in fiendishness by any others that had preceded them, were at first attributed to Abd-ul

Hamid and the intrigues of Yildiz; in my book 'Betrayed Armenia' I have fallen into the general error, but they are, as is well known now, not directly traceable to Abd-ul Hamid.

The Armenian deputy Babikian Effendi who went to Adana from Constantinople to investigate into the massacres, plainly reported that all investigations had failed to trace them directly to Abd-ul Hamid and the intrigues of Yildiz.

Babikian Effendi died suddenly on his return to Constantinople, and the world has heard little of his report, but all subsequent investigations uphold his statement.

But the massacres, as all others that had preceded them, were previously planned, prepared and organized, and carried out under authority, and the second massacre of Adana was perpetrated on the arrival there of a detachment from Mahommed Shevket Pasha's army marching on Constantinople.

Therefore these last most horrible massacres of 1909, must be recognised as traceable to the

Turks as a whole, whether we class them as Sultan and Yildiz clique—Reactionaries—Liberals —Young Turks—thus proving beyond a doubt that Turks may be disunited among themselves, but for the murder and plunder of the christian, they are united.

The young Armenian Tigran Yergat, in a series of remarkable and prophetic articles that drew considerable attention at the time of their publication in 1898, describes an incident in one of them that has been illustrated lately. He tells us, "Ten years after the horrible massacres of Greece, the clergy in England began talking about 'the virtues of the good old Moslem' whilst concurrently condemning the gross superstitions of the orthodox and vituperating with vehemence the worshippers of the Virgin—the Mariolaters as they were styled—a word invented by them for the occasion."

Immediately after the most horrible massacres of Cilicia, we have had a great deal of talking and writing about the liberal and enlightened Turks, their good intentions, and laudable

aims. Although in seeking to find out the liberal and enlightened Turks whose aim is to secure liberty and justice for all, irrespective of race and creed; we have to say with Mr. Gladstone of revered memory, "In truth I have seen so few of them; I wish their number were greater."

Maurice Barrès, the well known French academician, in his tribute on Tigran Yergat after the latter's death, writes, "In meditating upon such a life, I am convinced that it is a great fortune to be born a Frenchman even would it be in a diminished France."

But this saying need not to be restricted to a young genius blighted in its promise, whom a cruel Fate had placed in the unfortunate position of being born subject to Turkish rule; it needs to be applied to all those others of his suffering race, and to all the other subject christians whom a likewise cruel Fate has placed in a similar unfortunate position.

The intellectuals of the western world pay homage to the founder of Occidental Civilization, for them, the greatness and glory that were

Greece, remain imperishable, embalmed in the Shrine of Thought.

But Turkey having become the fateful Nibelung hoard for Powerful Christendom in their insane race for the fateful hoard, in their eager pursuit to seize the treasure which nevertheless eludes all their schemings and strivings, Powerful Christendom would see the Greek the slave of the Turk, would see the race to which Occidental Civilization stands as debtor, under the brutal and bestial domination of "worse than savages."

The Armenian represents a somewhat parallel case. This race that had its birth in the Dawn of the Ages. Venerable with the hoary traditions that cling round it. Imbued with the strength of its everlasting hills that has enabled it to stretch its life from the world of the ancients to the world of the moderns. Lifted up by the civilizing influences of a religion it was the first as a nation to choose and accept and to which it has held through centuries of oppression. This strong Christian race, Powerful Christendom whilst loudly proclaiming their "missions to the heathen"

would see trampled into the earth under the heel of "worse than savages."

For how else are we to interpret the policies of Powerful Christendom? In the face of their policies, we are constrained to say, that Powerful Christendom, blind, deaf and indifferent to all else, except the gaining of the fateful hoard, would see the superior races of the subject christians in the Turkish Empire, held down under a brutal and bestial domination, materially injured, morally degraded and demoralized.

A Jew writing very lucidly on "The Martyrdom of the Russian Jew" gives this truthful verdict:

"For this crime Russia will be responsible, but not Russia alone. Civilization cannot escape the penalty of the deeds which Civilization has permitted."

In commenting on "The Martyrdom of the Armenians in the Turkish Empire" I say, "For this crime Turkey will be responsible, but not Turkey alone. Powerful Christendom cannot

escape the penalty of the deeds which Powerful Christendom has permitted."

To the implacable hatred of Abd-ul Hamid towards the Armenians must be attributed the primary cause of the Armenian Massacres, and the causes which originated and developed that implacable hatred are not difficult to ascertain.

We have to go back to the Russo-Turkish War. That war began when Abd-ul Hamid had newly ascended the coveted throne he had secured for himself by his brother's downfall. When his heart swollen with the first flush of pride in the investiture of the sword of Osman which proclaimed him Sultan of Turkey and Khaliff of Islam, he had to taste the bitterness of defeat.

In that war, his impregnable fortress of Kars was stormed and taken by an Armenian General. Batoum and Ardahan were transferred to Russia, a portion of his empire thus passing out of his dominions into the dominion of Russia, and the soldiers who fought, the generals who accomplished, Armenians. It is true there were also other portions of his empire that passed out of his control

by this war, but their peoples too passed out of his control, he could not crunch them to powder as he could crunch the Armenians who were left in his deadly jaws.

The Treaty of San Stefano followed the war. The sixteenth article in this Treaty, which was the work of the Armenian Patriarch of Constantinople, provided that reforms were to be carried out in Turkish Armenia before the evacuation of the Russian troops, and the commanders of those Russian troops waiting there to see the reforms carried out were men of Armenian race and descent, who had fought in the Czar's service, it is true, but who had also fought for the liberation of their unhappy race under Turkish rule.

The Treaty of San Stefano was quashed by the might of England, Article 16 became invalid and the scene shifted to the Congress of Berlin.

The despairing but irrepressible Patriarch worked again, he sent his delegates, his chosen deputy, to the Congress of Berlin. This chosen deputy, afterwards Catholicus of Etchmiatzin, had already travelled through all the powerful states

of Europe pleading the cause of his nation. At the Congress of Berlin he could not be heard, but he was so far successful that he had an article inserted, it was Article 61 of the Treaty of Berlin, by which the six signatories to the Treaty pledged themselves to see that the urgent and needed reforms which meant life or death to the Armenians were carried out. This affront was never forgotten and never forgiven either by the Sultan or the Turkish nation. The reforms of course were never carried out, for they could only have been carried out by force, but the deadly hatred of the tyrant grew in its intensity.

Again the irrepressible Patriarch concluded a Treaty with the Kurds by which these Kurds might become amenable to some restraint, and the peaceful Armenian villagers have some relief from murders and depredations. The Treaty was flung to the four winds of heaven by the tyrant.

The chosen deputy of the Patriarch threw open his schools to the Kurds, hoping to civilize them by education, the schools were burned by order of the Sultan.

The situation grew worse and worse. It became unsupportable. Murders, robberies, abductions, extortions, tortures, imprisonments, were the order of the day, life for the subject Armenians reached the stage when life became unbearable; they appealed to the six Signatories of the Treaty of Berlin; they appealed especially to England as the Power that had substituted the Treaty of Berlin for the Treaty of San Stefano, and the hatred of the tyrant reached the pitch of madness.

In the meantime another drama was being played out in Egypt, and it was left for an Armenian to sap the Sultan's power in that country and by a master stroke of diplomacy to pull out Egypt as it were from under his suzerainty and throw her into the lap of England.

Extermination of the race was therefore planned by prepared and organized massacres; and Powerful Christendom excusing herself on the grounds of political interests, permitted, condoned, connived, nay even supported this hellish extermination. But we know "nothing that is morally wrong, can be politically right" nor even what is

morally wrong can ever result in any real political gain.

Of course according to the apologists of the Turk, the Armenian is the aggressor; the Armenian has provoked it all, for the Turk is a gentleman, the Turk, is that fine chivalrous gentleman, the "Tchelebi" of Persian romance, and it is the Armenian who provokes him to the vilest, most diabolical, brutal, bestial, blood thirsty cruelties, that have ever been perpetrated on God's earth by man.

The Armenian provokes the gentlemanly Turk, the kind-hearted, well disposed, honest Turk, because he refuses to see his wife violated, or his daughter carried off into the low vile degradation of a Turkish harem, by the gentlemanly Turk, his children brained, or cut up into pieces before his eyes by the kind hearted well disposed Turk; his house and his lands, his ox and his ass and all his worldly goods looted by the honest Turk.

When the Armenian gets hold of a few weapons, and fights and resists and slays his

oppressor, why then, he has by his indiscretion provoked all the horrors that come upon his race; when he has no weapons to fight with and gets killed by his enemy armed and equipped for slaughter; why then, he is a coward who just lies down and gets his throat cut.

Such are the facts, if we are to believe the apologists of the Turk, for of course the lamb muddied the stream from which the wolf was drinking and thus gave justification to the wolf to devour him. Such can be the sophistications of language when there is a "fateful hoard" that is a coveted prize.

However in commenting upon the cruel fate of the Armenians in the Turkish Empire, it is well also to remember the anomalous position of the Young Turks. As a recent writer has very truthfully remarked, they revolted "not against Abd-ul Hamid the tyrant of Turkey, but Abd-ul Hamid the vassal of Europe."

Although complete reactionaries at heart, they welcomed the Constitution, not (as the credulous subject Christians who believed in them,

did) as the means of establishing a Government based on Justice and Right, but as a lever by which they could lift themselves up to the level of civilized nations. Their imaginations fired with the glorious vision of taking rank as the peers of civilized nations, they understood the Constitution to mean, riding the high horse of Islam, they find instead that by mistake they have seated themselves on the back of the donkey of Liberty and Justice ; and there dismayed they sit for the present. Powerful Christendom has applauded, whilst they themselves are puzzled as to how they can alter the irksome situation ; for as another recent writer has also very truthfully remarked, "They can no longer hide behind the shadow of Abd-ul Hamid and massacre the Armenians wholesale."

On the other hand also, although the court ship of Powerful Christendom is incense to the pride of Islam, the Young Turks must nevertheless be fearfully aware of the true nature and value of this courtship.

Thus torn between inclination and fear the Young Turks remain for the present in this

anomalous position, and the subject christians, as well as those who have their cruel fate at heart, must naturally ask the question, "What will these so-called liberal Turks do next? Once they hid behind the shadow of Abd-ul Hamid and massacred the Armenians wholesale. What will they do next?"

In the midst of our despair we have one hope. We know that the Hand of God shapes the end of all things in this world. We know that sometimes, apparently, the armies of man, his battle fleets, or his diplomacies, or the strength of his riches, succeed, or rather seem to succeed, but the mighty Hand of God shapes the end.

When man has nothing to hope from man, he hopes in God: he says to himself, "Be not deceived, God is not to be mocked." So the subject christians in the Turkish Empire, and those who have their cruel fate at heart, hope in God.

A British diplomat once said to Prince Lobanoff, "Why do you not annex Armenia?" and the Russian answer was, "We will annex

Armenia, when there shall be no more Armenians left."

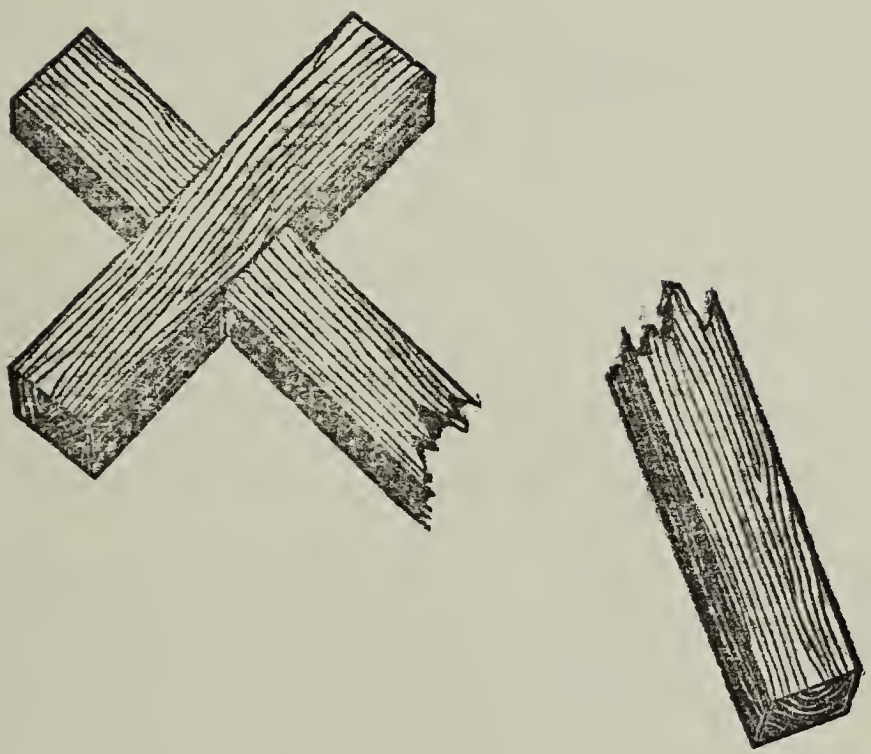
Prince Lobanoff however did not live to see the last of the Armenians, and to accomplish the annexation after his own heart, although since the accession of Alexander III to the throne of the Romanoffs, till now, the policy of the Russian Government has been to crush the Armenians in the Russian dominion and to encourage and support their extermination by Turkey; but the signs are that the exterminators of the Armenians are themselves now in danger of that extermination whose secret sources are more powerful than the bloody hand of murder, that the moral cancer whose growth has been developed by their own crimes is slowly but surely sapping their own strength, and if the past history of nations is any index for the present, then we know that the Nemesis of their crimes stands behind the Turks.

And I venture to predict for my race, particularly most unfortunate of all, sandwiched between two enemies, Russia and Turkey, with the

Russian governmental elephant crushing on one side, and the Turkish tiger devouring on the other, that their day of deliverance will come with the day of liberty in Russia.

That day may seem far distant, but all things are possible with God, and it is possible for the mighty Hand of God to bridge the gulf, between the dark night of the Present and the daybreak of the Future.

# THESE ARE THEY



# WHICH CAME OUT OF GREAT TRIBULATION.

# THE VOICE THAT CRIETH UP.

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And as I considered the exceeding great affliction of my people, my heart being sore vexed within me, in the travail of my soul, I cried unto the Lord, and I said:

"Hear Thou oh Lord! Thy people have been consumed with fire and sword, and their blood did run down as many rivers into the land from which the smoke of their bones ascended. Thy people have eaten ashes as bread, and quenched their thirst with tears, and their days have become like a shadow that declineth."

And lo! as I prayed, there stood beside me, as in a vision, One, the strength of Whose presence penetrated into the marrow of my bones, and His face was radiant with a great light, so that mine eyes could not behold His face for the sake of the light that shone from it, and He stood as encircled by a great cloud and His garments

were white so that they dazzled mine eyes by reason of their whiteness, and He said unto me, and His voice was great and mighty sounding in mine ears:

' "Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?" '

And He led me by the hand into a valley, and I looked, and saw therein no green thing, nor pleasant shades, nor cooling streams; but like furrows into the earth there ran rills of human blood, and there lay strewn blackened ashes of human flesh, and charred bones of the dead, and a voice as of much crying and moaning pierced out of the earth, and I fell on my face with fear and trembling, but He that had led me by the hand, lifted me and said unto me:

"Write! what these shall speak unto thee."

And I said: "Sir! what shall I write? for these are but dead men's bones, and the dead speak not; their mouths are covered with dust."



"SIR! WHAT SHALL I WRITE? FOR THESE ARE BUT DEAD MEN'S BONES, AND THE DEAD SPEAK NOT; THEIR MOUTHS ARE COVERED WITH DUST."

And He said: "Nay! but I shall make them stand up in the living flesh, and I shall give them a tongue wherewith they shall speak."

And lo! whilst He yet spake, the blackened ashes were turned over into a heap and the bones gathered together, and I saw rising before me a great multitude, young and old, of men and women, of youths and maidens, and children and babes, and as I looked into their faces I was pierced to the heart, for I saw in them the faces of my people, and once more in fear and trembling I fell to the earth, but He that held me by the hand, said:

"Lift up thy head! for My strength is sufficient for thee."

And I lifted up my head, and He that held my hand loosed His hold, and lo! a pen was in my hand and a scroll on my lap, and the light from His presence shone upon the scroll, and tipped the pen with fire and I felt the strength of His presence round about me, and once more He spake, commanding mightily:

"Daughter of thy people! Write what the slain of thy people shall speak unto thee!"

And from out of that multitude there came near unto me, one, who was a man old and stricken with years, and the hair on his head and beard was white, and his countenance wrinkled with age, and he asked me,

"Whence comest thou?" and I answered:

"I come from the rising of the sun, but though the way be long, the voice of the mighty woe of Araxes hath called me here;" and he said:

"Who art thou? that thy heart hath heard thus from afar, the voice of Arax's mighty woe." And I answered:

"Thy people are my people, and thy God is my God; and the Mighty One Whose cross thou hast carried hath commanded me 'Daughter of thy people! write what the slain of thy people shall speak unto thee,' and a son of thy people in whose ears the mighty woe of Araxes did ring, even as it ringeth now in mine, wrote on his scroll



"DAUGHTER OF THY PEOPLE! WRITE WHAT THE SLAIN OF THY PEOPLE SHALL SPEAK UNTO THEE!"

of the things which now are: eleven times hath the earth rotating on her axis circled round the sun and his prophecy hath come true. And now as the Mighty One who is Head over all principalities and powers hath commanded me to write: Speak thou! and I will write what thou shalt say unto me."

## THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

"Even as the Master hath commanded thee: daughter of thy people listen and write. It happened unto me and mine in this wise:

"Hast thou seen the rush of wolves with white teeth glistening and eyes flaming with the rage to tear and devour? Hast thou heard the howl of wolves nearing their prey? Even so did they come in the hour of Peace to slake their thirst for our blood and to fill their hunger for our possessions.

"And they howled in our ears, 'Allah has given us the giaour to devour and Mahommed His prophet is mighty to save, but your Christus

can not save you because he could not save himself on the cross.'

"And we said, 'Nay! but He hath already saved us unto Himself, and we are baptized with His baptism, and His name hath been anointed on our foreheads for our eternal life. You can kill our bodies but you cannot kill our souls.'

"And they foaming with rage cried out louder, 'Allah has said for the unbelievers "these to hell and I care not," therefore ye accursed giaour, know ye, there is only one name under heaven whereby ye can be saved from death and hell, the name of Mahommed the mighty prophet of Allah: lift up your hands and call upon his name, 'Say,' they shouted unto us 'Mahommed un Russool lil-lah.'

"And with one accord they howled out 'Death to the giaour, death to the khaffir. Mahommed or death!' And we said, 'Nay! Christus our risen Lord hath conquered death. You have your swords and we have our necks!'

"And there came rushing from the fields a

great multitude with swords and guns and axes with which they had struck down to the earth the young men as they had stood reaping in the fields with their sickles in their hands, and there they had killed my three goodly sons, amid the green grass waving, and the larks soaring up to the blue sky carolling joy. There the blood of my sons ran to the earth.

"And they entered into our home carrying death and destruction, and we could not hear each other speak for the noise of their howling, and one of them, a soldier, took hold of my beard and with such a wrench he shook me and pulled me forward that my beard was left in his hand whilst the blood squirted from my chin upon my breast and he said unto me, 'Look here old man! even as I have wrenched thy beard from thy chin even so shall my sword cleave thy joints and sever one by one the limbs of thine old body, unless thou lift up thy hands and swear by Mahommed the true prophet of Allah.'

"And I said, 'Nay! my old limbs thou cans't sever from my mortal body but my soul thou cans't not touch.'

"And they howled in my ears, 'Accursed giaour! Art thou the head of thy accursed family? call upon Mahommed and save thyself and thy household from the death that shall overtake ye all.'

"And I said, 'Nay! Christus is our Redeemer, and His name is the only name on which we can call.'

"And they began howling, 'Kill these giaour swine, kill these khaffir dogs who would have equality with the true believers.' Daughter of thy people knowest thou? they had thirsted for our blood and hungered for our possessions for many a year, so when the Constitution came, the fiery flood of hate and envy burst. 'If these giaour swine,' they said, 'become our equals? if these khaffirs are allowed to claim justice? how then can we plunder them and murder them any more? gone for ever are our privileges which Allah has bestowed on the faithful.'

'"What should hinder Allah if He chose to destroy the Messiah and his mother both together"' 'so says the Ko-ran, the blessed book,'

they said; 'what therefore should hinder the true believers whom Allah loveth if we choose to destroy the followers of the Messiah who would presume to be equal with the faithful.'

"And one of them commanded, 'Keep the head of the family to the last: let him see by the light of his old eyes before we shall have pulled them out of his old head, how the true believers can smite the infidels by the help of Allah.' 'Let the old dog see the death of his brood before the sword of the faithful shall smite the life out of his unclean body.'

"And so they bound me with strong bands and tied me up straight and as they spat upon my face, they said, 'Thou old dog, worshipper of the Nazarene! thou shalt first see with the light of thine old eyes before we shall have pulled them out of thine old head, how the true believers can deal with thine accursed brood.'

"And some of them laid hold of her who had been my life's companion for forty years, the wife of my youth, and the mother of my children; forty years through rain and sunshine, forty years

in joy and sorrow we had walked through life together, her hand in mine; and now in that home, where the voices of our children and our children's children had gladdened our hearts, they kicked her in the face and spat upon her and they dragged her by her white hairs as they dragged me by my white beard, and with words too vile and foul for the ear of man to hear, they said they had no use for her old body, so they struck her on the head with a club until her skull broke open and her brains fell out and she lay dead.

"And others fell upon the young women of the household, the wives of my sons whom they had killed in the fields and with laughter and foul jests they subjected them to infamy worse than death, and they tossed up the babes and pinned them upon the points of their bayonets, and they cut up the live children into quarters and poured the blood of the children into the throats of the mothers, until the mothers choked to death with the blood of their own children.

"But there was one inexpressibly dear; our only daughter's only child, she had crept into the



SHE, WIPING HIS TEARS, SAID 'JOY OUT OF ANGUISH—PEACE OUT OF STRIFE.'

inner core of our old hearts when God took her mother away ; her father took to himself another wife but she remained with us for she was our consolation for the daughter that was gone, and we called her 'Astghik,' as indeed she was the star of our home. Ah ! we had given her over to the protection of the holy mother, and every day we had said, 'May the love of the holy mother keep thee, thou motherless one,' and she grew up so fair, as fair as the morning.

"And they laid hold of her, our tender lamb, the ravening wolves laid hold of her before mine old eyes, and they cried out, 'Here is a giaour antelope whom Allah has given us to chase.'

"And my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth, and the light of mine eyes went out, for they could no more see the horror before them. Ah ! when they pulled out my old eyes there was no more light in them, for I was blind until a dagger thrust rent asunder my convulsed soul from my mortal body, and the light of heaven shone upon my face."

And whilst the old man was yet speaking,

there came speeding through the air on milk white wings, an angel, young and surpassing fair with a star on her forehead that gleamed like silver, and she, wiping his tears, said, 'Joy out of Anguish—Peace out of Strife.'

And I pointing to my scroll spake unto the old man. 'The fangs of the ravening wolves were set upon the tender lamb, when the light of thy mortal eyes went out. Finish thy story old man.'

"See'st thou my angel?" he answered. "It is she! Through cruel death her pure soul did wing its way to the great white throne. See'st thou the star on her forehead? It is the seal by which the Master hath sealed her name in the Book of Life!"

Pass on old man! the story of the tribulation of thy house has been written on the scroll!

---

And now another waiteth to unfold her tale of woe.



THE ANGELS OF GOD WEEPING DESCENDED UPON THE EARTH, AND WITH
MANY TEARS THEY GATHERED UP
THE SLAUGHTERED CHILDREN FOR THE MASTER.

Her face was young and what though Nature had traced on it the lineaments of comeliness, yet such a wild frenzy of grief distorted her features that the grace of beauty could scarcely be perceived.

"I am a mother!" she said; therefore I took my scroll and wrote upon it.

## THE MOTHER'S STORY.

"Dost thou know the measure of sorrow? Measure mine! It is full measure and running over! Weepest thou? I weep not! The anguish of grief hath dried up my tears! In those days of tribulation the mothers forgot to weep, but the angels of God weeping descended upon the earth, and with many tears they gathered up the slaughtered children for the Master.

"Now listen to my tale! They rushed into our house on that dread day, they were eight of them howling like maniacs and brandishing their clubs and knives like devils let loose from hell. The affrighted children clung to us screaming with

fear, and we did not know whether to shelter them, or face the demons who had come to take our lives ; but they seeing the weeping children laughed loud, and they seized upon the father as he was struggling against his assailants with our youngest in his arms, he was a strong bodied man and he struck out with his arms and legs, but they were too many, armed with clubs and axes, and they struck him on the head with their clubs and felled him down and four of them sat upon him whilst two others bound him tightly so that he could not move hand or limb, and two others held me fast so that I could not reach unto my children.

"And I called unto the holy mother and to our Lord Christus, 'Oh! holy mother of God! Save my children! Oh! Jesus Saviour! Save!' and they laughed and told me, 'Inshallah!' the holy mother would save, they would show me how she would save, and Jesus the Saviour would save just as he had saved himself on the cross.

"They told me they would make my husband dance in flames of fire to delight my eyes, he could be very skillful with his saw and hammer,

they said, for my husband was a carpenter, but they would show me what use they would make of his saw and his hammer.

"And so they dragged the man bound out of the house and there by the door they poured oil upon him and set him on fire, and as he burned alive and his body rose up in the flames, they clapped their hands aud told us to see how he was dancing, and they kicked us as we screamed with the terror of the sight.

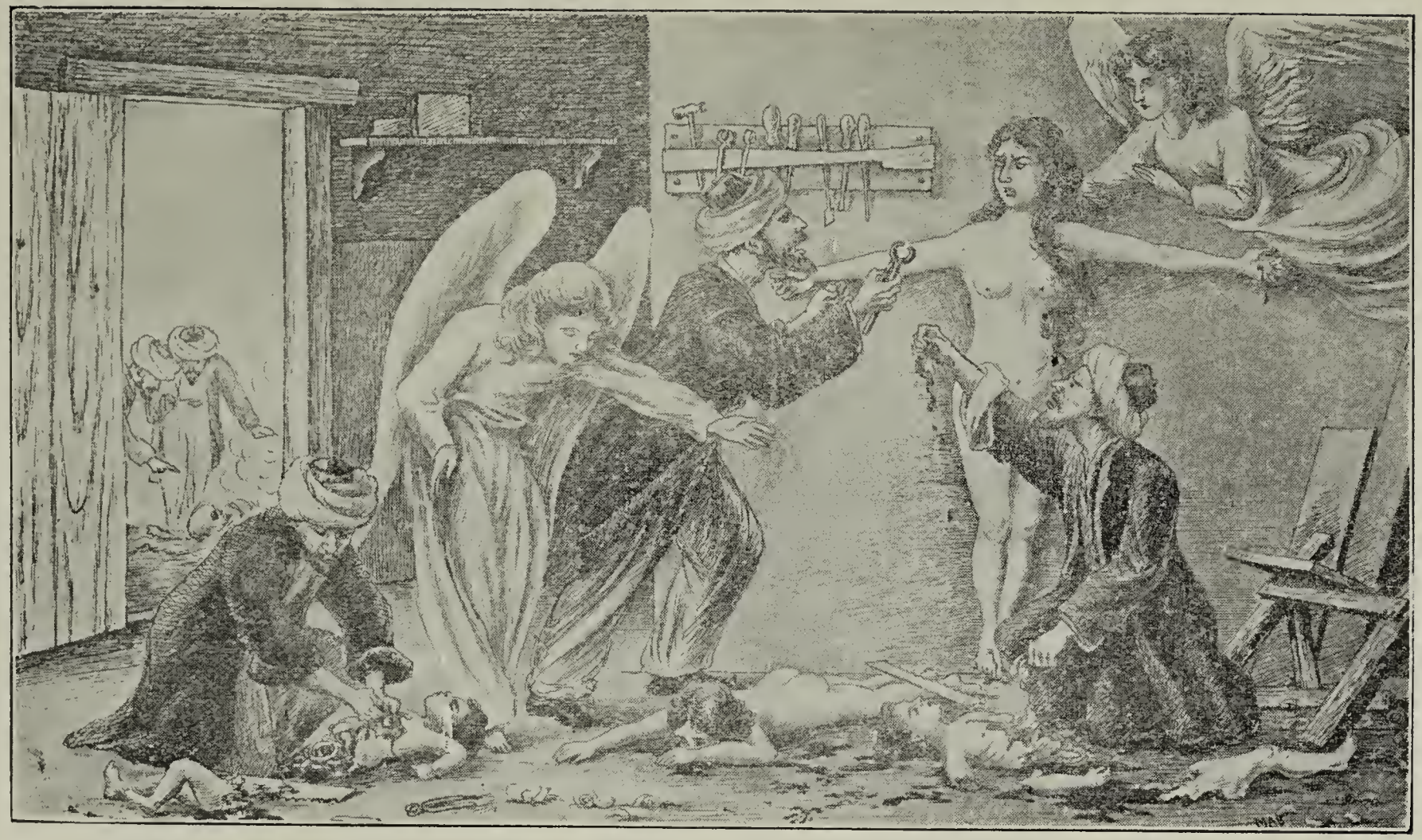
"And then they tore off the clothes from my body and nailed me to the wall of the room, they said 'Inshallah'! they would nail me as my Lord Christus had been nailed to the cross and surely he would save me even as he had saved himself. And they took my husband's hammer and nails. 'Mashallah! Mashallah!' they said and laughed loud as they nailed my hands and my feet, 'Mashallah!' never had a giaour's hammer and nails done such good work as nailing his own wife.'

"And they took his saw and sawed into pieces the bodies of our little boys. "Bismillah!

Bismillah!' they shouted as they sawed the little bodies, 'never had a giaour's saw done such good work as sawing his own puppies.' 'Allah ho Akbar!' they all cried out together in a loud voice. 'Allah ho Akbar! truly Allah is great for this blessed day since He has given to the hands of the faithful a giaour's saw to saw a giaour's puppies.'

"And there nailed against the wall I saw with mine own eyes my two sons sawn asunder with their father's saw. Oh! they were so young and so tender: the elder six and the younger four years of age; and mine eyes could not close upon the horror before them, they remained wide open, fixed in their sockets. And the demons got hold of our little girl, she was the eldest of the three, nine years old, and they outraged her until she died under the terror and agony of their fiendish passion. And the weeping angels walked amidst the demons that were slaying us and received in their arms the souls of my children.

"And with my eyes fixed wide open in their sockets I saw the demons tear out the warm heart and liver of my sons from their cut open breasts,



'EAT' THEY SAID 'EAT THE HEART AND LIVER OF THY DEAR SONS THAT
THOU LOVEST SO MUCH: THY DEAR SONS,
SO PRETTY AND SO FAIR.'

and they broke open my mouth, and crammed the heart and liver of my children into my mouth, and with shouts of laughter they told me to eat the dainty morsel. 'Eat,' they said, 'eat the heart and liver of thy dear sons that thou lovest so much: thy dear sons, so pretty and so fair.' And with the heart and liver of my sons in my mouth I choked to death."



Oh! miserable mother! never since the dawn of Creation hath woman endured anguish like thine.

"I am not alone," she said, "I am but one out of thousands of mothers of thy race who have suffered like me. Say rather, never since the dawn of creation have such horrors been perpetrated on the earth, as the hellish deeds that have been wreaked on thy race and mine."

Pass on Mother of woes! thy tale of horror hath been written on the scroll and I have marked it with the cross, the symbol of anguish. Another waiteth.

She also was a woman. "I too am a mother," she said ; therefore I took my scroll and wrote upon it.

## THE SECOND MOTHER'S STORY.

"Ah ! our hearts were heavy on the blessed Pasch day, for though friends and neighbours greeted one another, saying 'Glad tidings to you ! Glad tidings to us ! Christus has risen from the dead !' yet our hearts were heavy, for we had begun to feel and to understand that our enemies were holding council against us how they might destroy us, and a few days afterwards we heard there was fighting at Adana, where our people had some arms and could sell their lives dearly ; but there was no fighting in our village, no time even given for defense, for with false treacherous beguilings they deceived us.

"They said to our men, 'Peace ! Peace ! we have nothing to do with what is going on in that far town ; here in this village we are friends, we are brothers. We reverence your Esa. He was a great prophet, and we are brothers. Why should

you think that we wish to do you harm? Have we not always lived as friends? and the Ko-ran forbids us shedding the blood of friends.'

"And they said, 'Give us of your bread and your salt for a pledge between us,' and they did eat of our bread and our salt, saying unto us, 'We have eaten your bread and your salt, and now be assured that we can no more lift up our hands against you.'

"And they said to our men, 'Go quietly to your work and have no fear for yourselves, your wives and your children. We are pledged by the bread and the salt that we have eaten.'

"And so they quieted our fears and we were assured by their fair speaking, and our men believed them, for murder was not in our hearts, but they with their hearts full of murder, thirsting for our blood and hungering for our possessions, made their preparations for killing unknown to us, and at the blowing of a trumpet, which was their signal, they made a sudden attack upon our men, unarmed as they were in the midst of their work in the field, rushing upon them with swords and

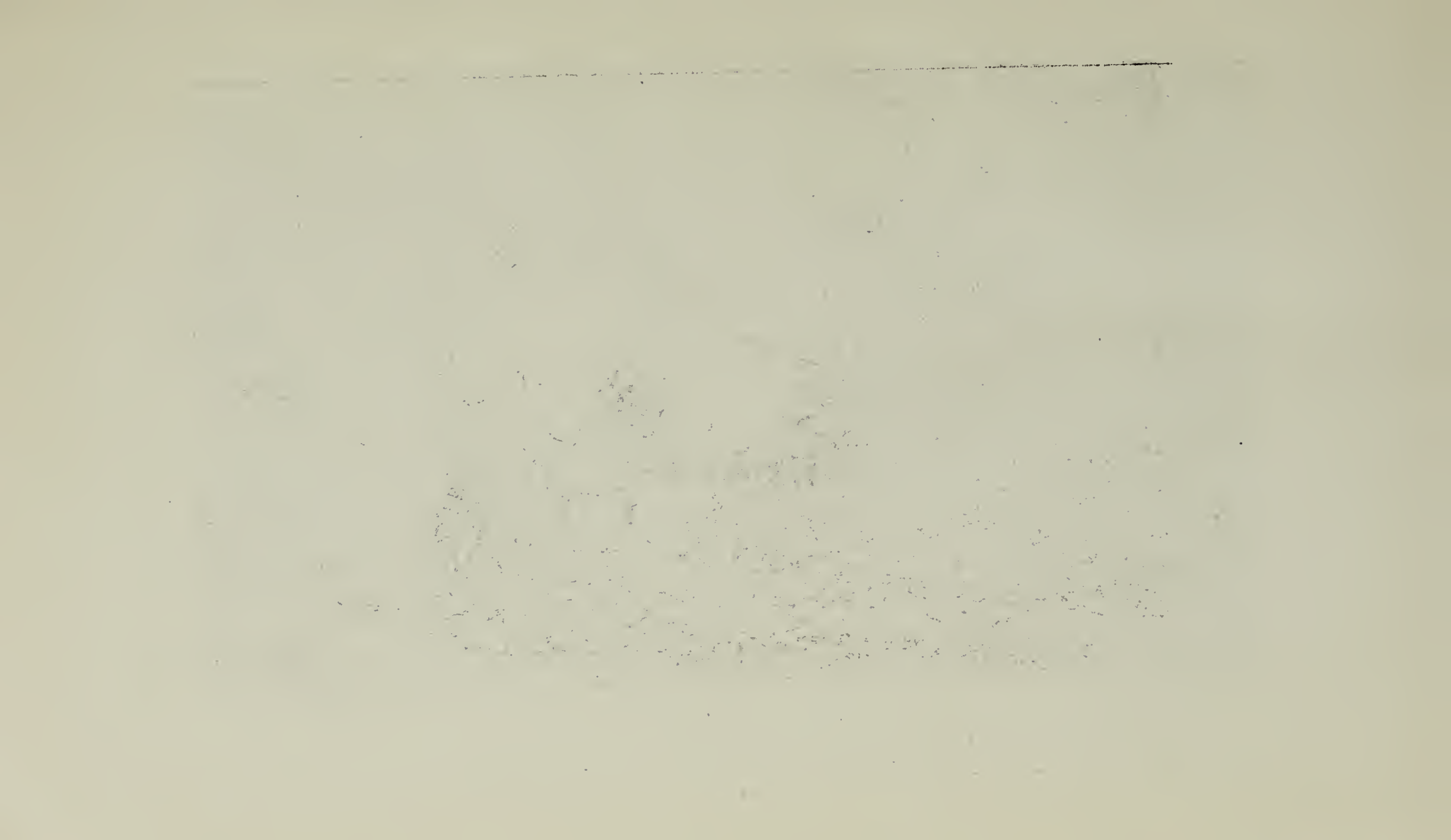
knives and clubs and axes, and shooting them down with their guns, of which they had many and our men had none.

"And with every shot, and thrust of knife or sword they cried out, 'Here is your Constitution! Here is your Liberty! Here is your Equality! Ye giaour swine! Ye unclean dogs! Ye would be equals with the true believers? The Khaffirs would have equality with the faithful whom Allah loveth. Inshallah! Ye shall have your equality now.'

"And after they had killed our men, they plundered our homes; and they drove away our cattle and oxen, our asses and mules, they robbed us of everything, everything, and they said unto us, 'We will find you other husbands.' They told us that they had counted us all up, every giaour man woman and child in the village. 'We have your number,' they said, 'and we will count up your dead bodies to make sure that not one of the christian vipers has escaped.' And they outraged the young wives and the young girls whilst the husbands and fathers were lying dying




THE WEEPING ANGELS CARRIED THE FRENZIED SHRIEKS OF THE MOTHERS, AND THE ANGUISHED WAILS OF THE WOMEN, AND THE DYING MOANS OF THE CHILDREN, AND LAID THEM BEFORE THE GREAT WHITE THRONE UNTO JUDGMENT.



in pools of blood: and they tore our babes from our arms and trampled them under their feet before our eyes, and broke the bones of the children, and some they burned alive with their mothers.

"And some of the women whom they had outraged, they killed, and others that were very fair to look upon they carried forcibly into their homes, and others they burned alive because they said they could not waste powder and shot on swine like us. They trampled my babe to death and they threw me with my two older children into the fire. I held their hands tight and tried to jump with them out of the flames, but they beat us back into the fire with long poles and we burned to death.

"And the vultures came down from the mountains to eat the bodies of the dead lying on the plains, and from this desolation upon the earth the weeping angels carried the frenzied shrieks of the mothers, and the anguished wails of the women, and the dying moans of the children, and laid them before the great white throne into judgment."

Pass on! thou too, mother of woes! thy story hath been written on the scroll, and others wait.

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And they came and stood before me a company, and I counted them one by one and they were ninety and seven, and I took my scroll and wrote upon it.

"THEY ARE NINETY AND SEVEN."

And there was one in the company in the garb of the church of Ararat, and I recognized him as the shepherd of the flock, and they were all women and children and some old men, but only three men in the prime of life, and they coming forward from out of the rest lifted up their hands and said, "It is given to us to speak for we were left to the last and we must tell the tale of the murder of these innocents."

"We got driven into the church, for we were trying to find a place of refuge for the women and

children who were fleeing for their lives from their murderers, and the Ter Baba said, 'Come into the Sanctuary of the Lord and unto the abode of His Holiness,' and they shut the door of the church upon us, and they compassed it round for they were a great crowd: and they called to our Ter Baba from the outside.

"'Kheshish Khaffir! knowest thou Allah has commanded us to smite the infidel root and branch, but we will give thee and thy khaffirs your lives if ye will accept Mahommed the true prophet of Allah.'

"'We will give you the night to think over,' they shouted out to us, 'for we must eat and drink and refresh our strength with sleep. It has been hard work slaughtering all the swine.'

"And so they outside did eat and drink from the stores of our homes, and inside the church the wounded moaned in their pain, and the women sobbed for their dead, and the little children wept for hunger, and the Ter Baba kneeling before the altar lifted up his voice and prayed loud. Daughter of thy people thou knowest the prayer of the church

of Ararat that is said before the altar of the Lord 'In this Abode of Holiness and in this Seat of Praise. In this Dwelling-house of Angels and in this Place of Expiation for men, we fall down and worship.' And we all fell down on our faces and worshipped; and we repeated the 'Belief' for strength into our souls, and the Ter Baba praying said, 'We are planted in the house of the Lord and in the courts of our God we shall blossom,' and continuing in prayer, he prayed louder that our strength should not fail; and he walked in the midst of us laying the cross over our heads, young and old, and beseeching our Saviour Lord to keep us under the shadow of His holy cross faithful unto death.

"And at the first break of dawn the demons waiting outside opened the church door. Daughter of thy people thou knowest the morning song of the church of Ararat? The Ter Baba walked out of the church with the uplifted cross in his hand chanting that hymn of praise, and we all joined in the song following after him, but our parched throats could scarcely swell the chant, and the sobs of the children mingled in our ears with our



THEY STOOD ROUND US GLARING AT US LIKE WOLVES, WITH THE THIRST FOR OUR BLOOD BLAZING IN THEIR EYES.

broken voices, and the weeping women cried out that the angels walked with us.

"But the demons that were waiting outside seeing the uplifted cross in the Ter Baba's hand, knew and understood the sign, and they stood round us glaring at us like wolves, with the thirst for our blood blazing in their eyes, until continuing in that song of praise we chanted His name, 'Jesus Christus,' and at the mention of that name they rushed upon the Ter Baba and with horrible howls and yells they snatched the cross from his hand and spat upon it and trampled it under their feet; and they dragged the Ter Baba by the beard, and some spat on his face because they said it was 'Nejiss,' and they cried out to him, 'Thou Khaffir Kheshish, son of a slave, down on thy knees and acknowledge that Mahommed is the true prophet of God and the holy manifestation, or else we will crucify thee as thy Christus was crucified.

"And they shouted, 'Allah ho Akbar—*Mahommed un Russool lil-lah*,' but the Ter Baba speaking boldly said, 'Mahommed we will not acknowledge for Christus is our Master, but neither

my people nor I have done any of ye harm or injury, therefore release us and let us go in peace.'

"But they began to howl and yell 'Khaffir Kheshish, down on thy knees, turn thy face to Mecca and say '*Mahommed un Russool lil-lah*,' or else we will crucify thee;' and he answering said unto them, 'The servant is not greater than his Lord.'

"And they tore off his clothes and dragged him to a tree and nailed him there; and they seized upon the three of us and struck upon our sides with their clubs until they broke all our ribs, and they strung us with our feet and left us with our heads hanging downwards. And they outraged the women and made a great slaughter of the children, piling the babes one upon another, and seeking to strike off their heads at one stroke of the sword; but as their hands were not skilled in the swordsman's art, they half severed the little necks and then kicked away the half murdered babes, moaning in their agony, and whilst they thus outraged the women and slaughtered the children, the wife of the Bey stood on a terrace close by and clapped her hands and laughed for joy.

"And the Ter Baba nailed to a tree prayed with a loud voice and beseeched the Lord that our faith should not fail; and they cut off his nose and his ears, and the joints of his fingers, and he praying louder called out to us, 'I see the heavens opened and the Son of Man standing in the clouds with His angels,' and whilst he thus spake they pulled out his tongue and put hot irons into his eyes, and with a yatagan they cut open his belly with two cuts in the shape of a cross; they said, he could have as much of the cross now as he wished, and they finished him by setting fire to his beard.

"And when they had killed all the women and the children, burning some alive, and cutting others into pieces, or beating their skulls; they came to us three men and broke the shins of our legs, and our arms which were hanging downwards, and they poured oil upon our heads and lighted a fire below on the ground, and the oil from our heads hanging downwards dripped into the fire, and the flames caught up and licked our heads, and so with burning heads we died."

And I saw descending upon the earth in a half circle a chain of angels, for their long locks were plaited one with another's so that they made a chain, and I took my scroll and wrote upon it:

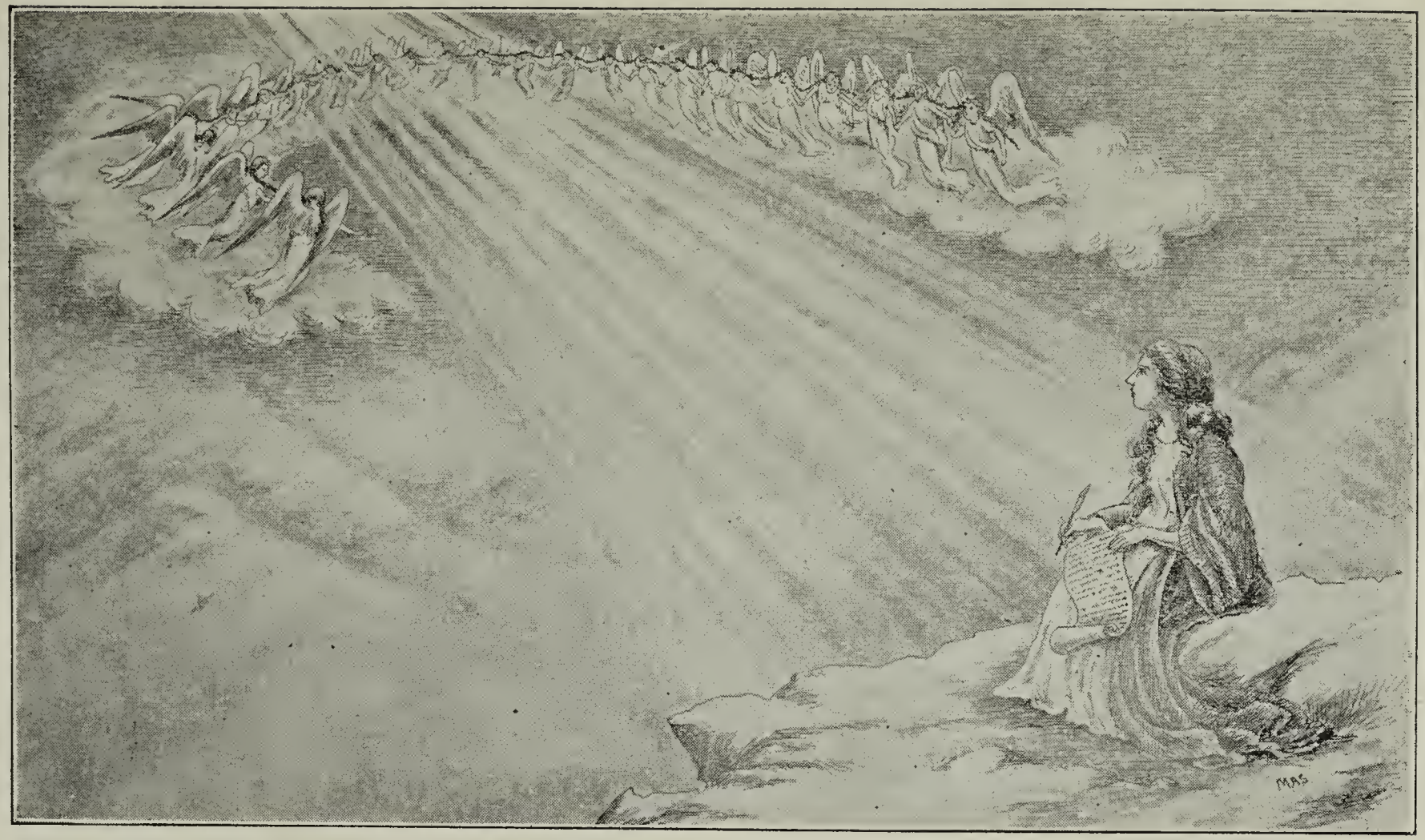
"THE ANGEL CHAIN."

And hand in hand they stood and I counted them and they were twenty and five: and I marvelled seeing their tresses thus braided one with another's.

"Tell me," I asked, "why you have thus plaited your locks one with another's?"

And they answering said: "We plaited our long hair one with another's to be bound together lest the heart of one weak one amongst us might fail in the hour of trial, for we were only village girls, our fathers tillers of the soil, 'rayahs' as the Turks called them, and the Bashi-Bazouks offered us our lives, 'Mahommed and life; Christus and death,' they said; 'accept Mahommed, and ye pretty gazelles! ye shall be free.'

"But we refusing to denounce our Saviour



I SAW DESCENDING UPON THE EARTH IN A HALF CIRCLE A CHAIN OF ANGELS, FOR
THEIR LONG LOCKS WERE PLAITED ONE WITH ANOTHER'S
SO THAT THEY MADE A CHAIN.

Lord, whose name had been anointed on our foreheads, and yet fearing lest we being only lowly village maids, the heart of one weak one amongst us might fail her in the hour of cruel death, braided our tresses one with another's that the strong might uphold the weak, and so we remained in the burning house where some two hundred of our people were being burned to death and perished in the flames with them."

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And I saw a company of two thousand of women and children and old men, and I asked them, "Who are ye?" and they said, 'We are the two thousand roasted alive to death in the school where we, having no longer any homes, had taken shelter, but all the horrible slaughter and the burned homes had not satisfied our murderers and they pursued us even there and set fire to the house, and the soldiers of the Constitution stood round the burning building and shot down any one attempting to escape the flames. They turned the school house into a great fiery furnace, and they stood outside and watched us curling up alive in the flames, and

they jested over our charred bodies swaying and rocking in the fire's fierce heat, and joined their laughter with our death shrieks. 'Bismillah! Bismillah!' they shouted as we shrieked and died; 'A fine sight! a fine sight! See how the giaour puppies curl up into little black balls!' they said unto one another. 'Mashallah! these giaour swine have fat and flesh to burn: but the smoke of their bones is incense to Allah. Inshallah! this smoke of Khaffir bones will open the gates of Paradise to the faithful.'"

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"And I saw a large company of men in the prime of life and some in the flower of their youth; and of these, some spake of being shot down in the fields, others of being hunted to death by dogs, and others of their blood flowing in the market place, in the factories and workshops. So I took my scroll and wrote upon it:

"Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening, but these had gone forth to their labour to mingle their life blood with the sweat of their brow."



"THE HUSBANDMEN HAVE CAST OUT THE HEIRS OUT OF THE VINEYARD AND SLAIN THEM! WHAT THEREFORE SHALL THE LORD OF THE VINEYARD DO UNTO THESE HUSBANDMEN?"

And they speaking to me said: "We are the murdered dead: our portion was cut off from the earth, but our widows and orphans and childless mothers weep everywhere. We their natural protectors were wantonly slain, and now darkness and the dimness of anguish remaineth with them, and gaunt hunger stalks in our desolated homes."

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And I saw the clouds of the heavens parted asunder, and like the breaking of morning light a great company of angels in shining white garments descending upon the earth; and they joined the martyred host of my people, and they wiped the tears from the faces of them whose tribulation had been written on the scroll: and straightway a river of light ran into the earth and divided me from them, so that I stood on one shore of the shining river and they on the other; and they proceeded farther and farther from my sight, and I turning away from looking at them saw again the mighty One who had commanded me:

"Daughter of thy people! Write what the slain of thy people shall speak unto thee."

And He stood encircled in a cloud of fire, and on either side of Him waited two mighty angels with their arms folded over their breasts, and the sword of one lay under his feet, and I knew that the name of the one was Gâbriél and the name of the other was Mikhâél, who waited before the presence of the King; and I durst not lift up my head, for mine eyes dazzled by the glory before me, in fear and trembling I bowed down to the earth, and laid my scroll at the feet of the King.

"The husbandmen have cast out the heirs out of the vineyard and slain them! What therefore shall the Lord of the vineyard do unto these husbandmen?"

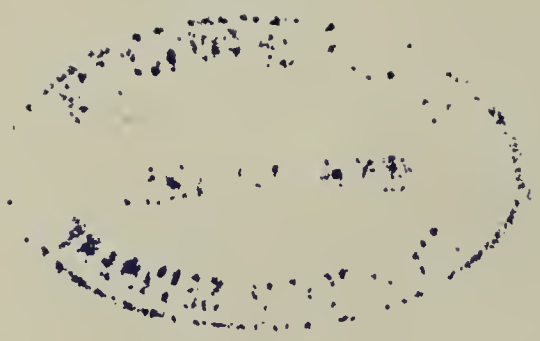
And the King answering said: "Thou knowest the book; open it and read what is written therein, and let it be for a sign and an answer unto thee."

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